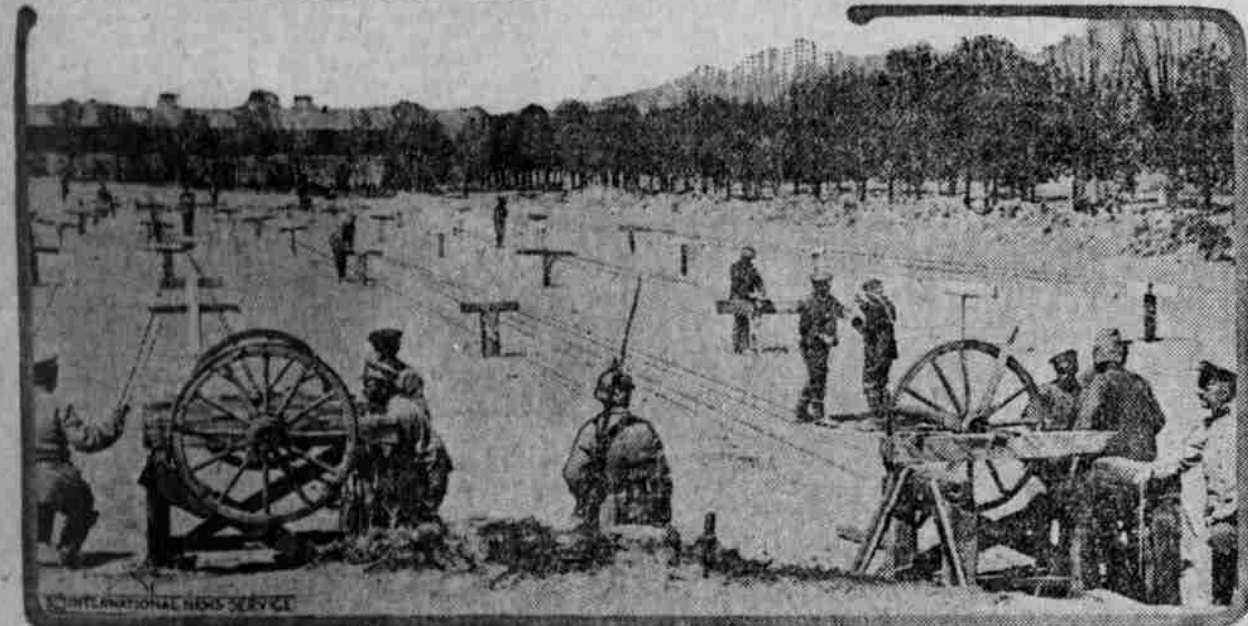


PRIVILEGED CAMP FOLLOWER IN ITALY



The only civilian free from suspicion in the vicinity of the military camps in Italy is the little woman camp follower who sells scraped ice to the soldiers. The one here seen at her cart and her baby are equal favorites with the fighters.

OUTDOOR WIRE FACTORY IN GERMANY



A temporary outdoor factory in Germany where Russian prisoners are at work manufacturing wire for the making of entanglements in front of trenches.

WOMAN LOBSTER DEALER.



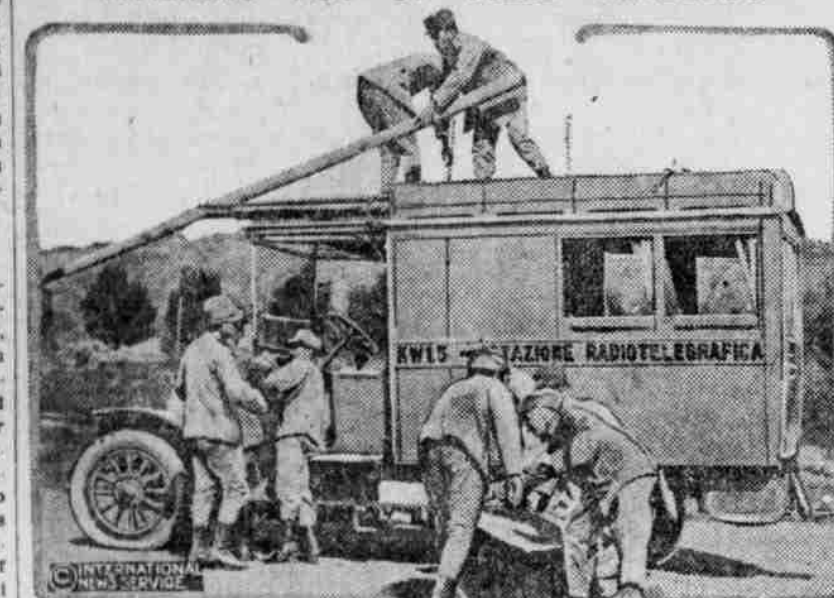
Many of the lobsters served in the finest "lobster palaces" of this country are supplied by Mrs. M. C. Pickett of New York, the only woman lobster dealer in America, here seen holding one of her monster crustaceans.

WELDERS OF HAND GRENADES



The hand grenade as a war weapon is being used with considerable success on the firing line. To protect the grenadiers from being overcome by the poisonous gases which are used with such telling effect by the Germans, a special mask which prevents the inhalation of the gases has been brought into use. Heavy helmets guard against injury from bursting shells overhead, and to complete the antidote costume worn by the grenadiers they wear a bullet-proof waistcoat. The photograph pictures two of these French grenade-throwers, equipped with their grotesque proofs against death, in the act of throwing grenades at the enemy.

ITALIANS PUT UP FIELD WIRELESS



Motor car of the Italian army equipped to carry a set of wireless apparatus for quick work in the field. With this apparatus a wireless station is set up within twelve minutes.

TIGRESS WEARS A TAILERETTE

Animal Chews Off Caudal Appendage and Thereby Starts New Zoo Fashion.

Juliet, the eleven-year-old tigress at the zoo, has gone the fabled hoop-snake one better. She has not only put her tail in her mouth, but she has been seen, according to Superintendent Corson, biting off four-inch sections of it.

For fear that if this continued much longer Juliet would eat herself up.

Superintendent Corson ordered some two feet of her three-foot tail to be amputated. The result is the only living specimen of a bob-tail tigress in America.

Juliet doesn't seem to mind her loss much, but her feminine instincts lead her constantly to pick at the stitches in her 1 1/2-inch stump. To prevent this a keeper, armed with an iron hook, keeps vigil day and night in front of her cage, and this chaparrone will continue until Juliet's "tailerette" heals. Henceforth, Juliet will look as trim as a high-stopping harness pony. —Philadelphia Ledger.

SMOKING AND WAR ALLIED

Interesting to Note the Innovations Which Have Been Brought About by Bloodshed.

It is interesting to note in reference to Sir Ian Hamilton's appeal for cigarettes "for my brave fellows in Gallipoli," that the last war in which Britain was engaged in that part of Europe resulted in a new fashion in smoking. In the Crimean war smoking was regarded as a rather sur-

reptitious habit to be indulged in in the quietest of places, and it is recorded that both Gladstone and Palmerston were strongly against the tobacco habit, and did not like to have people near them who had been smoking.

There was much smoking of cigars in the trenches at Sebastopol. Soldiers returned from the war set the example not only of wearing long whiskers, but of smoking with much more freedom than in the past, and cigars appeared in the streets. In those days some of the old school smoked cigars in china

holders elaborately painted, an exercise calculated from its peculiar inconveniences to keep smoking within bounds. —Dundee Advertiser.

One Cost of Tuberculosis.

In a pamphlet on "What Tuberculosis Costs in Wages," the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis says that an investigation of 600 cases in Boston shows that these men lost more than \$425,000 in wages as a result of this disease.

English Laborer's Diet.

There was no "one-meal-a-day" nonsense about the aged Sussex laborer whom Mr. E. V. Lucas met. Thus he described his daily round and common task:

"Out in the morning at four o'clock, a mouthful of bread and cheese and a pint of ale. Then off to the harvest field, tipping and mow (reaping and mowing) till eight. Then morning breakfast and small beer—a piece of fat pork as thick as your hat is wide. Then work till ten o'clock, then a

A LABOR DAY REALISM

In Work He Found Salvation for Both Body and Mind

By FRANK H. SWEET

ENNINGTON lit a cigarette, took one puff, hesitated, and threw it away. He had forgotten the doctor's quietly spoken but incisive words, and now remembered them with a sudden return of his old dread of what might come.

And yet, what odds? The world was an unsatisfactory place at best, and if it was to be judged in by high walls, what pleasure would the little cells be?

A band of music was approaching, and his gaze went to it with the crowd's.

Behind the music came a great block of marching men, and behind them another and another, and still another. Then Pennington understood. It was Labor day, and this was the trades parade.

Under other circumstances Pennington's gaze would have turned away indifferently; but there was only the sidewalk or the street, and of the two the street was the less tedious. It was at least a moving bore.

The first impression that came clearly to his understanding was one of the strong, stalwart units of the blocks; the next, their contented and even happy looks.

"How happy and strong they are," said a voice at his side, and Pennington looked down, a quick glow coming into his face, and fading yet more quickly. It was the girl who had tinged his dreams, who had since grown distant and somewhat scornful.

"Yes, they seem strong and happy, Esther," he answered, "in spite of being in the trades."

"Because of being in the trades," she corrected swiftly, a vibrant ring in her voice that brought his eyes again to her face. She was looking out at the marching blocks, her gaze steady, but with a tremulousness of the delicate lips that somehow reminded him of the odd note in her voice.

The next day there was a rumor of Pennington's going abroad; his housekeeper had received a note "to close the house, the agent to look after the affairs until further instructions."

Down on one of the back streets, a street unknown to Pennington's old life, were many dingy offices, meager in appointments, but representing a vast accretion of labor. At one of them a line of men were seeking employment, passing in front of a keen-eyed foreman, who accepted or rejected them almost without a glance.

But the rejections were few. Men were wanted for new blocks of buildings going up, men of skill, strength, of merely carrying capacity—any man who could add his strength to the labor force and hasten the work.

So when a white-handed man of confessed incapacity stepped in front of the foreman's desk he was looked at askance, but finally accepted and set to carrying brick from the sidewalk to the men who were laying the work.

Something about him drew her gaze back again and again; yet even while her eyes kindled they filled mistily. He was so like and yet so unlike; so what the other might have been, and was not.

Presently the man sprang lightly across to another timber seven or eight feet away, explained something about the work to a new man, then crouched and dropped to the ground 12 feet below.

As he turned he stood facing the owner, and they gazed for some moments into each other's eyes. He had been so absorbed in the work that he had not noticed her presence.

"Esther," he cried.

"Ralph Pennington," wondering. "I thought you were in Europe."

"No; I have been here all the time. In work like this?"

He nodded.

She looked at him with the color rising warmer in her face; in her eyes was inquiry, then comprehension, joy, exultation.

"Ralph," she said softly, after a long silence, "will you come up this evening and—tell me about it?"

There was a smile in Pennington's eyes, though his face remained grave.

"Yes, Esther," he answered, "I will come up and—ask you about it I am now in the trades."

Peaceful Army of Millions.

The American Federation of Labor, the most powerful and numerous of the labor organizations of today, numbered last January in active members nineteen hundred and seventy-thousand. Since that time their numbers have increased until they are now well beyond the two million mark.

The nearest approach to accuracy is to place their number at 2,025,000.

These include only the active members. When one considers the families of these members, the auxiliary associations affiliated with the parent body in the way of relief associations, child-dren's societies and such kindred bodies, it is well within the number to say that more than two million can be mustered.

And this is out of the American Federation of Labor alone. Besides this and its affiliated bodies, there are other labor organizations, as well as societies, that are not strictly labor unions, but which take advantage of the high wages paid to their members to the world by formal parade. From these one may add half a million more.

Wisdom is better than gold, and the world is better than gold.

wooden blocks. But not until the third week did he start a fire in the stove and make disastrous ineffectual attempts to cook his breakfast. By this time the blisters had disappeared under rough lumps and ridges. How he had lived before this no one knew but himself, for until he received his second pay envelope he did not commence crossing the street to the restaurant for a noon lunch. When he sat down for a few minutes at the noon hour he did not double over in a tremulous heap as he had done at first, and though his face was thinner and whiter, its flesh was firmer than when he first came, and his eyes were clearer.

As Pennington's hands acquired a working knowledge of the materials, and his mind began to more thoroughly grasp the details, the boss gave him occasional jobs of oversight or authority, for he seemed the best man at hand for them.

At first an hour or two of keeping the men's time, the stock taking of some of the materials, or perhaps a commission downtown to purchase things that required inspection and could not be ordered by messenger or telephone; then, after a year or so, he began to be left in temporary charge during the enforced absence of both foreman and boss.

And by that time Pennington's hands were as firm and hard as the average workman's, and his thin face and narrow shoulders were filling out with good, solid flesh.

At the end of three years the foreman started out as an independent contractor and the boss took his place. Pennington would have then become boss, but the new contractor asked him to go with him as foreman, and Pennington, with an odd feeling of exultation and wonder, consented.

All this time the Pennington agent had heard nothing, and an expression of speculative concern was beginning to appear in his face.

Of course Pennington must be dead, for he was a man who required a great deal of money, and being in Europe made the money more imperative. The agent was in half mind to communicate with the nearest relative, but he hesitated and concluded to wait a little longer.

A small portion of Esther Kilton's property consisted of downtown tenements. In the last few years she had become infected with the reform movement, and was remodeling them with more regard for the inmates' welfare than her rent roll.

Several blocks had already been rebuilt and occupied, and recently to hasten the work she had given a block to a new contractor. When the old buildings were demolished and the new walls were up a dozen or more feet she went down to look at the work.

Poised on the very end of a timber almost above her was an alert, compactly built man, who seemed to be directing the work.

Something about him drew her gaze back again and again; yet even while her eyes kindled they filled mistily. He was so like and yet so unlike; so what the other might have been, and was not.

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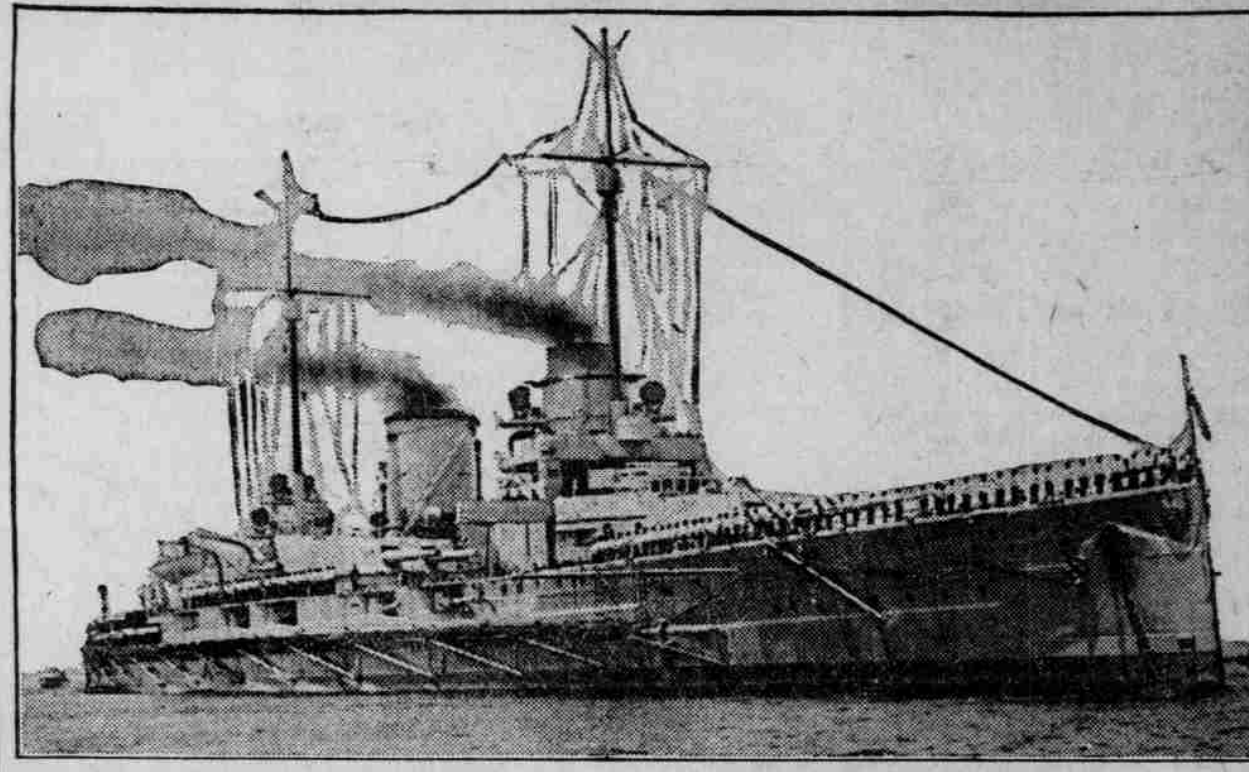
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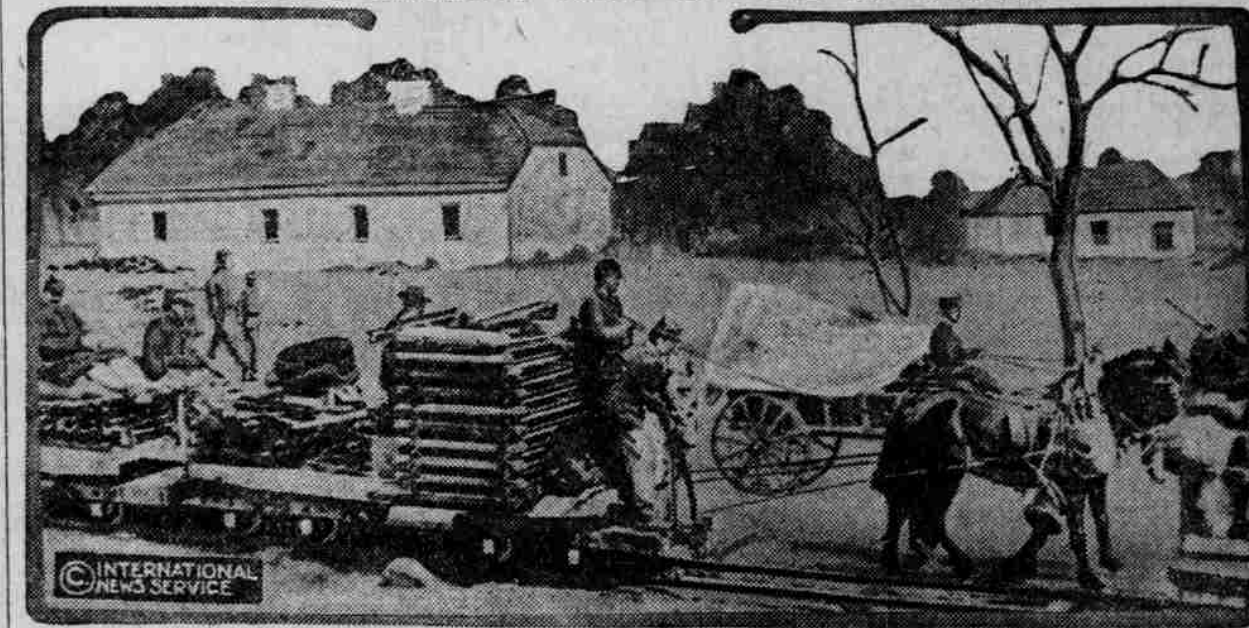
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GERMAN BATTLE CRUISER SUNK BY RUSSIANS



This is the great German battle cruiser Moltke which was sunk by the Russians in the Gulf of Riga. The Moltke, which displaced 22,632 tons, was built in 1910 and at that time was the finest vessel of its type afloat. It was the Moltke that served as Rear Admiral von Reuber-Paschew's flagship when a squadron of German warships visited New York harbor in 1912.

HORSE RAILWAY USED BY THE AUSTRIANS



Because the retreating Russians destroyed the steam railways, the Austrians in their invasion of Poland were compelled to build light horse railways for the transportation of supplies to their swiftly advancing front.

CZAR AND CZAREVITCH IN UNIFORM



New photograph of the czar of Russia and his heir, the czarvitch, garbed in the uniform of officers of the Russian army. The young man seems to have outgrown his invalidism.

CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK



This photograph shows General Gallot of the French army at what was probably the happiest moment of his life. He is decorating for valor in the field his own son, Sergeant Gallot, with the new French war cross.

Wireless Spark Now Suspected.

British papers are, at this late date, devoting considerable space to a discussion of whether the Princess Irene and the Bulwark were not both blown up by some kind of wireless detonator in the hands of the Germans. It will be remembered that both battleships were victims of mysterious explosions while lying in harbor.

Distinguished inventors such as Tesla, Marconi, Edison and the young Hammond have worked on a spark that could be transmitted through the air to blow up the magazines of a foe, but the fact that the Germans have not employed such means more frequently, or against ships of greater class than the Bulwark or the Princess Irene practically discounts their possession of any such device.

Anger.

Hiram Stanley, rather absurdly described the dawn of human history as an epoch when primitive man first became angry and fought, overcoming the great quaternary carnivora and made himself the lord of creation. Plato said anger was the basis of the state, Ribot said it the catalyst of justice in the world, and Bergson thinks society rests on anger at vice and crime, while Stekel thinks that temper qualities should henceforth be treated in every biography and explored in every case that is psychoanalyzed.

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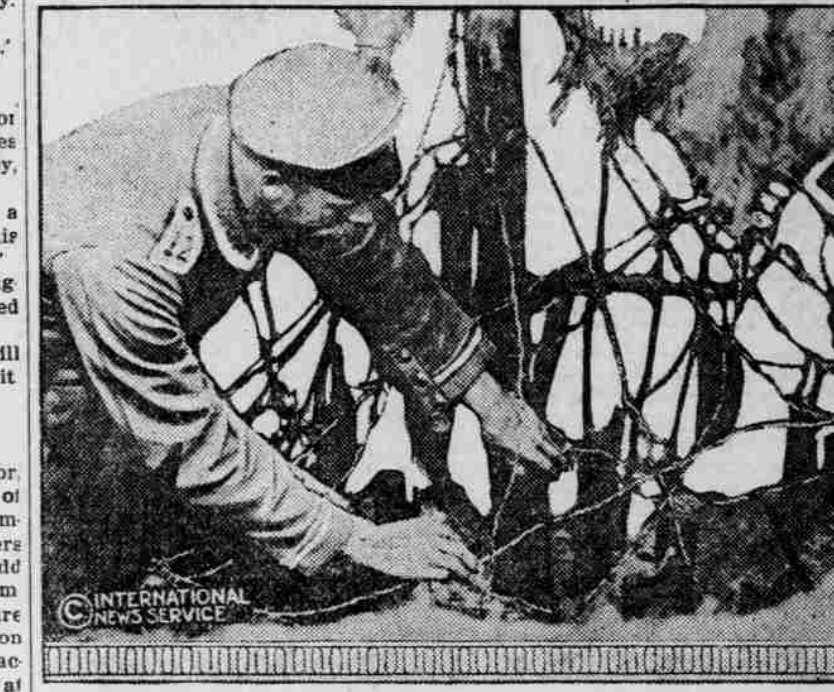
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MAKING PITFALL FOR FRENCHMEN



This photograph, taken in the forest of Argonne, shows a German soldier putting the finishing touches to a pit he has prepared in the line of an anticipated attack. These pits are covered with shrubbery and earth and the wires are charged with electricity.

WAYS OF LENGTHENING LIFE

Life Insurance Men Give Advice That Will Be Worth Heeding by Every Individual.

What must one do or avoid in order to live to a ripe old age? Life insurance men have been doing their best to answer this question. Forty-three life insurance companies combined in the work of giving a statistical basis to conclusions regarding habits and occupations that tend to

shorten life. The matter was placed in the hands of the Actuarial Society of America and the Society of Life Insurance Medical Directors, which investigated the records of 2,000,000 persons insured with these companies. The investigations occupied three and one-half years.

Reporting on the facts adduced in this fashion, Arthur M. Hunter, at the last annual meeting of the Association of Life Insurance Presidents, took up three of the hazardous occupations, wherein a high mortality was recorded.

Part of German preparedness for "the Day" was the erection of a world-wide system of high-power wireless stations. When the war started there were in operation German wireless stations in Europe, Africa, America and the South seas. Many have been dismantled by the allies, but the three

greatest still remain and serve to keep Germany in communication with the outside world, even though the cables be cut.

The three greatest stations are at Nauzen, Germany; Sayville, L. I., and "somewhere" in Spain. The French claim that there is a German wireless station in every state in the Union. Outside of the Sayville station there are known to be four high-power stations in Mexico and ten in South America, the latter having added materially in the exploits of the German

sea raiders in both the Pacific and the Atlantic.

The Spanish, Sayville and Nauzen stations are probably the most powerful in the world. They are each supposed to have a constant transmitting power of 6,000 miles, occasionally raised to 7,200 miles. The waves are so powerful that they temporarily paralyze other aerial communications.

Six Syllables the Bible Limit.

There are no words of more than six syllables in the Bible.

MANY WIRELESS STATIONS

Germany Prepared for Emergencies That Would Arise in the Day of Conflict.

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